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F. F. McDONALD

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It Doesn't Appear Who Was Fooled Till the End of the Story

By READ GRIDLEY

After being graduated at an American college I took a course at Heidelberg. My reason for doing so was not to learn more from books, but to take part in the rollicking German student life I had heard so much about. I joined a dining corps and became president with the small crowd.

Upon leaving the university I traveled for awhile before returning to America with Baron Douhoff, a Prussian with whom I had been on intimate terms at Heidelberg.

One day we entered a railway coach at Berlin to go to Munich. There were seats for six persons in the coach, one half the passengers facing the other half. Douhoff and I rode back-to-back by a window, Douhoff on my right. Directly opposite me sat a pretty girl. The moment I saw her I recognized

mistress in her eye. Indeed, she looked very much troubled.

I realized at once that a lady being in the coach, she coming after me, indicated the situation embarrassing, for, as the train stopped at a station, I was to be introduced to her.

For my confusion, I told Douhoff, who, for refreshment Douhoff and I got out, I was to be introduced to her. I was to be introduced to her. I was to be introduced to her.

"Here he comes now," said Douhoff, and the young man, with a very small waist, came tripping on a pair of very long thin legs. Douhoff accented him the last of the game proposed to play before the young lady, and in a few minutes we were again seated in the car speeding on toward Munich.

Shortly after starting I addressed Lieutenant Becker in German.

"Here, Lieutenant, I am sure it is made no difference to any of us whether the window was up or down. I have made up my mind that the affair between us can go no further. Since this cannot be settled, I shall be obliged to leave me to offer you one."

"I accept your apology," replied the officer, with my very good eyes.

I gave the American girl a furtive glance to discover if she were displeased, but could not really make out whether she was or not. I thought I saw on her face a look of dissatisfaction—indeed, contempt for me—because I had made the apology. This did not like me. Possibly she had

been told that I had shown the white feather. This view of the case was strengthened by her subsequent treatment of me, which was, to say the least, not cordial. I addressed a remark to her, and her reply was a cold glare with a manner indicating that she did not care to continue the conversation.

It was certainly irritating to have taken upon myself a duty in defense of a fellow countryman to be lambasted by her for having crawled out of the coach, but I did not mind this. I was too tired to be angry. I was too tired to be angry. I was too tired to be angry.

Finally, thinking that she did not understand such matters, I explained to her that an officer in the German army could not be so easily treated as a beggar after having been treated as a hero. I was obliged to do this, for the girl, who took no pains to conceal her condemnation of the course I had taken in order to make a meeting with her.

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Humor and Philosophy

By BUNCEAN M. SMITH

THE GLAD ONE.

"Glad option!"
"Is he who knows
That he has failed
And doesn't know
The blow was laid
On him by fate
But he is glad
To be in it?"

A silver smile
Adorns his cheek,
He doesn't know
From triumph laid
From a wreck
He'll crawl and wail
On glad his fate
Is working out.

He may be blue
And hungered for
Whimsey's art
Or me that gave
The world a new
Or me that gave
The world a new
Or me that gave
The world a new

No gold may be
In the command,
But he will not
To find a kind
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MEAN INSECT.

The Comprehensive Characterization

An old German farmer to Kansas by industry and frugality acquired a small fortune at the age of thirty, and a ponderous physique. He sold his farm and stock and bought a great place in the outskirts of the town.

Not wishing to be entirely idle, he cultivated a garden plot in which he took great pride.

One day an adventurous rat found its way into the garden through a hole in the fence. The old man ran him around the garden several times, but he could not get him out.

"Der cat is der meanest insect you ever seen," said the farmer to his wife.

GENEROUS AMERICANS

Jerry was meeting Mike to a trolley ride. The conductor, a good looking Irishman, was watching his progress with great interest. Presently he turned to Jerry and said:

"Jerry," he said loudly, "I've a lump in me throat."

"What's happened, Michael Jerry?" "It's the gladness of me that's too big to swallow," said Mike.

"Jerry," said Mike, "I've a lump in me throat."

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THE SWINEHERD.

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Woman's World

Wm. Thomas Marshall, wife of the Democratic Success The Fall.

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HAMILTON

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Total Assets over \$45,000,000

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Cayley Branch O. N. Johnston, Agent

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Two Clatman Incubators, in good condition, capacity 200 and 50 eggs. Also quantity Seed Oats, etc. can be taken within 60 days.
GEO. REIMS, Cayley.

Local News

A Merry Christmas.
Wedding bells are quite distinct. Mr. Elbert Couey is spending Christmas at home.
We are glad to report Mr. Lon Stevens better of the grip.

A very enjoyable skating party was held last night at the creek.
A few Cayleyites attended the dance given at Nanton on Thursday evening.

Messrs. Bourdon and Wickens were in Calgary last Friday on a business trip.

Mrs. O. G. Walker is spending the holidays with friends in Oregon, U. S.

Mr. McGinnis, Jr., of Calgary, is spending Christmas with his father in Cayley.

It is reported, unofficially, that Mr. Fitzpatrick, our local teacher, is going to leave.

Mr. Oswald McConkey is spending the Christmas holidays under the parental roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schnellie left last week to spend the holidays with friends in Wisconsin, U. S.

Miss Sigurston, our local school teacher, is spending Christmas with her parents at Burnt Lake, Alta.

The Presbyterian choir spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Mrs. Bert Widdup on Thursday evening. Being practice evening, they accepted the invitation of Mrs. Widdup to practice out there and then go skating on the creek.

Mr. B. Williams, of the Bank of Hamilton, is spending Christmas with his parents at Creelman, Sask.

Rev. J. M. Beaton was a Cayley visitor last week. On Sunday last he occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Granum.

Miss Olive Mann has resigned her position as telephone operator at Vulcan. She intends taking up her studies after the New Year.

The sudden death of Mrs. J. R. Snodgrass has cast a gloom over the neighborhood of Braeside and Cayley. The death took place at Champion on Sunday, the 15th inst., after a week's illness. The interment took place at Nanton cemetery on Tuesday, Dec. 17th. The sympathy of both neighborhoods go out to the husband and two children who are left to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother.

Calgary News-Telegram: It is not to the credit of the farmers and dairymen of Alberta that Canada is importing butter from Australia and New Zealand. At this moment 5,000 boxes of New Zealand butter are en route to this country, representing 2,957 long tons, and in value about \$600 per ton. This is all money that could be kept in instead of being sent out of Canada, if our farmers and dairymen were more industrious, and looked more after the main chance.

At Regina on Thursday, Dec. 12th, Mr. W. H. Underwood, of Milestone, was fined \$100.00 and costs on two separate charges under the Animal Contagious Diseases Act. Mr. Underwood had imported a number of horses from the United States which were found to be affected with a contagious disease known as Dourine. They were immediately placed in quarantine. A certain number were destroyed, and the rest placed under strict quarantine in order that the Canadian horse breeders might be protected from this importation of disease from the United States. Evidence was obtained that one of the suspected stallions was removed from the quarantined premises and also that it was used for breeding purposes. Mr. W. M. Martin acted for the accused and entered a plea of guilty. Mr. C. E. Wood prosecuted for the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. The work of dealing with Dourine is of such a nature that in the interests of horse breeders it is highly desirable that prompt and effective action be taken in cases where the quarantine requirements of the Canadian Government are set at naught.

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Return limit 3 months
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How to Efficiently Handle

Bulky Horse
A bulky horse that lies down when you want him to pull is about the most exasperating animal in creation.

What would you do in a case of that kind? Whipping does no good. Try all the tricks of the jockey and some horses refuse to move. Would you be cruel to a beast that has a bad trick simply because some senseless driver had overloaded or abused the poor animal. No, friends, don't be mean just because the animal is.

Sometimes a bulky horse is started by diverting his attention a moment by picking up one foot or adjusting the collar—anything that makes him forget that he has a grudge against you. Sometimes the load is too heavy or stuck in a chuck hole. Rest the team a moment, fuss around the bulky horse a bit, swing the team to right or left quickly, and have someone give a lift at the wheel. Don't teach a good horse to balk just at that critical moment by whipping him when he's doing all he can. If he refuses to go then—well, the David Harum method never fails. Tie the horse right there and wait till he is ready to go. Wait all night, next day, too, if necessary. Try him now and then—if the load is not actually stuck so horse can start it—and as long as he refuses to start again tie him and let him stay alone. Take the other horse to the barn, of course. If where no one will interfere—out in the field or timber—then you don't need to stay and watch. But if some humane person is liable to come along and upset your cure, then you had better stay around where you can explain the situation. One good lesson usually cures a persistent balker.

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New Year
Holidays**

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For the Round Trip
Between all Stations

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and Branches**

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